The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

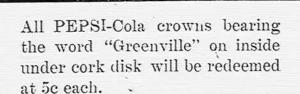
A. K. Park Greenville, =:=

I have enjoyed the ratronage of the readers of The Sentinel for more than 20 years. I have appreciated this patronage and have tried to give "Value Received." I am now ready to serve you with a large and wellselected stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Underwear, and Hosiery

These are the newest creations in their line, bought right and will be sold at "Right Prices," and if goods are not as represented I AM RESPONSIBLE, and will make them right. Come to Greenville. Come in to see us. We will take great pleasure in showing you our goods, and if goods and price suit you will be glad to sell you, and should they not suit, we will appreciate the call just the same.

A. K. PARK



Ask the Merchant

There's a great reason why you should drink PEPSI-Cola. It is healthful. EVERYTHING which it brings you is 100 per cent. PURE benefit and enjoyment. Flavor is delicious---rare. Effect is wholesome, satisfying---quick to refresh. It QUENCHES thirst with its

"There's a Difference"

5 Cents

ta rt, ruit flavor.

BUY A BED!

Or a Suite of Furniture, is the slogan good quality, the address typewritten, this living tomb; but all things I with us. We have joined the Buy-a- the stamp English, and bor don postmark half illegible. Bale Club. Now we want everybody to join our Buy-a-Bed Club.

We have the largest stock of Furniture in the county to select from. Cook Stoves, Organs and Sewing Machines. We sell the best Sewing Machine made, "New Wilson," with a lifetime guarantee. Come in and let us show it to you. You'll like itthe "Sit Straight" kind. Agents for the

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

And the "Oriole" Go-Basket for the Baby.

We sell everything in the Furniture line, from the crad'te to the

E. L. & G. B. HAMILTON Easley, S. C.

Goods to Meet

THE CHEAP PRICE OF C	OTTON
Boys' Suits from \$1.25 to	\$ 7.50
Men's Suits from \$8.00 to	15.00
Hats from 25c to	3.50
A lot of \$1.25 Hats for	50
All 50c Shirts for	45
16c per pound for frying chickens up 3.	oc; Hens, 10c

per pound up to 40c. 25c paid for eggs. A lot of Chattanooga Plows and Points.

Yours for trade J. W. Hendricks The Trey O' Hearts

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of "The Forture Hunter," "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc. Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

that she had forgotten him.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

day in spring, the clamorous life of

New York running as fluent as quick-

Within-doors, neither sound nor sun-

beam disturbed a perennial quiet that

The room was like a wide, deep

well of night, the haunt of teeming

Little, indeed, was visible beyond

the lonely shape that brooded over

it the figure of an old man motion-

less in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart

was black. The rack of his bones,

clothed in a thick black dressing-

gown with waist-cord of crimson silk,

from the thighs down was covered by

a black woollen rug. He stared un-

blinkingly at nothing: a man seven-

eighths dead, completely paralyzed

Presently a faint clicking signal dis-

turbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put

forth his left hand and touched one

of a row of crimson buttons embedded

-this time a latch. There was the

faintest possible noise of a closing

desk and waited respectfully for leave

"A telegram, sir-from England."

The old man seized the sheet of yel

low paper, scanned it hungrily, and

crushed it in his tremulous claw with

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

in street dress was admitted to the

She found and placed a chair at the

"Judith-tell me-what day is this?"

"And your sister's birthday: Rose,

"You could have forgotten that," the

old man pursued almost mockingly.

"Do you really dislike your twin-sister

The girl's voice trembled. "You

know," she said, "we have nothing in

common-beyond parentage and this

"And which would you say was-

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite.

Rose is everything that they tell me

my mother was, while I"-the girl

smiled strangely-"I think-I am more

A nod of the white head confirmed

the suggestion. "It is true. I have

in a silence that was tensely expect-

were to ask a service of you that

might injuriously affect the happiness

"In the main," the father corrected

She knew better than to interrupt,

ters like this comes from all parts of

ach Remedy is known everywhere be-

Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy

Many say it has saved them from dan-

gerous operations and many are sure it

wonderful remedy in the papers, as most thorough system cleanser ever sold: phree, deceased, and obtain discharge otherwise I might never have known of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is as administrator of said estate.

of your sister-?"

ice of one you loved?"

my will?"

"Then, if on this your birthday I

your daughter than my mother's."

differ as light from darkness."

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

desk, and obediently settled herself

"You sent for me, father?"

Two minutes later a young woman

a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Give it me!"

chamber of shadows.

"Sit down."

too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

but for his head and his left arm.

shadows and sinister silences.

was yet not peace.

silver through its brilliant streets.

Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance a sign from her, so that he had grown

CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose. Lapped deep in the leather-bound what the deuce did the trey of hearts duxury of an ample lounge-chair, mean? walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the ceived the least warning of his disnape of his neck) and, squinting dis- appearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken. contentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracelessly stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, sauve and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scent of roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real. And in that instant of awakening

the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, freshplucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a prac- ask it!" tical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable: still, there

There was no one but himself in

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fled the club, only pausing on the way out he announced. to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack. It was a blank white envelope of | tion. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of

the stamp English, and bore a Lon-should know-somehow-I come to know in course of time!" Alan tore the envelope open in absent-minded fashion-and started as scraped an acquaintance with on the if stung. The enclosure was a sim- Riviera last year-what's his name?ple playing card—a trey of hearts! Law, Alan Law."

As for Alan Law, he wandered homeward in a state of stupefaction. mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not He could read quite well the message English. His father was Wellington of the rose. He would not soon for- Law, of Law & Son." get that year-old parting with his Rose of the Riviera: "You say you but her seeming patience was belied love me but may not marry me-and by the whitening knuckles of a hand we must part. Then promise this, that lay within the little pool of bloodthat if ever you change your mind, red light. you'll send for me." And her prom-"I will send you a rose."

But the year had lapsed with never

About Mayr's Wonderful

E. T. Wade, of Williston, N. C., was

Then he found Mayr's Wonderful

lief seemed a long time coming.

Stomach Remedy

NORTH CAROLINA MAN FINDS QUICK

RELIEFFROM DISORDERS OF STOMACH

the victim of stomach disorders. He clears the digestive tract of mucuoid

tried many remedies and took a great deal of medicine and treatments. Refrom stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

Along with this letter Mr. Wade or- druggists everywhere. Advertisement.

Stomach remedy, took a dose - and has saved their lives.

tween us, in Wall street. One of us leaves. had to fail-and I held the stronger was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible-and lived only But see this!" She flashed a card accustomed to the unflattering belief to be what I am today. Law tri- from within her hunting shirt and held umphed in the street while I lay help- it before his eyes. "You know it, eh? And now the sign had come-but less; only a living remnant of my The trey of hearts-the symbol of fortune remained to me. Then his When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance-nor any woman-had re-

THE PICKENS SENTIMED, LIUMERS, SOUTH CALL



in the desk. Something else clicked chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car door, and a smallish man stole noisewith Law at the wheel that had struck lessly into the light, paused beside the me down-a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly of some common ailment-they said; but I knew better. He died of

fear of me." Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another-mysteriously always-a trey of hearts; it was my death-sign for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a trey of hearts, within twenty-four hours an | attempt of some sort would be made ipon his life. The strain broke down

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great. the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length abominable resemblance. Our natures I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan-Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. I ceased to persecute mother and son, fulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I

watched you closely, Judith, perhaps could trust. more closely than even you knew. "I sent Rose abroad and arranged Before I was brought to this"—the that she should meet Law. They fell wasted hand made a significant gesin love at sight. Then I wrote informture-"I was a man of strong pasing her that the man she had chosen sions. Your mother never loved, but was the son of him who had murdered rather feared me. And Rose is the all of me but my brain. It fell out as mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, I foresaw. You can imagine the scene unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Juof passionate renunciation-pledges dith, you are like a second self to of undying constancy-the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when An accent of profound satisfaction she needed him, she would send him informed his voice. The girl waited

a single rose-the birth of a great romance!' The old man laughed sardonically. 'Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is

The girl laughed briefly: "Only in your hands." The girl bent forward, breathing "And how far would you go to do heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"Where would you stop in the serv-"What is it you want of me?" "Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And alive, bring him to me. But alive, if after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," you can compass it: I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content." "Oh, I know-I know!" the father The hand of hot-blooded youth stole affirmed with a faint ring of satisfacforth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore-'dead or alive, you shall have him "It's true-that Englishman she

CHAPTER III.

The Trail of Treachery. But young Mr. Law was sole agent of his own evanishment; just as he was nobody's fool, least of all his own. The hidden meaning of the trey of hearts perplexed him with such distrust that before leaving London, he dispatched a code cablegram to his onfidential agent in New York.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

And presently the deep voice rolled What do you know about the trey of hearts? Answer immediately. on: "Law and I were once friends:

> The Southern Railway with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cu-

and in order to cure it you must take in-ternal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure it taken internally, and acts directly up a the blood and nucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quach me Mr. Wade Thankful He Read dered more of the remedy. The first was prescribed by one of the best I dose proves—no long treatment. Let-N. B. The following schedule figures the best tonics known, combined wit the country. Mayr's Wonderful Stombest blood purifiers, ecting directly of the Remedy is known everywhere be-mucous surfaces. The period community of ion of the two ingre-

Notice of Final Settlement and Discharge Notice is hereby given that I will 41

make application to J. B. Newbery. 29*
We want all people who have chronic Esq., Judge of Probate for Pickens found relief at once. He told his opin-ion of the remedy in a letter in which ter of yow long standing, to try one dose on the 19th day of November, 1914, at for Atlanta. *Stop on signal to receive passengers For complete information write

> W. R. TABER, P. & T. A , Greenville, S. C. W. E. McGEE, A. G. P. A.,

then-it came to pass that we loved him overseas to this mortal pass. Feaone woman, your mother. I won ber ture for feature, even to the hue of -all but her heart: too late she real- her tumbled hair, she counterfeited ized it was Law she loved. He never the woman he loved; only those eyes, forgave me, nor I him. Though he aflame with their look of inhuman married another woman, still he held ruthlessness, denied that the two were

from me the love of my wife. I could one. not sleep for hating him-and he was | He sought vainly to speak. The no better off. Each sought the other's | breath rustled in his parched throat ruin; it came to be an open duel be- like wind whispering among dead

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, hand. The night before the day that the woman knelt in his place by

Alan's head. "No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head-"no, I am not your might sleep. Crossing the East drive Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her I was struck by a motor-car running | twin, born in the same hour, daughter of-can you guess whose daughter?

> Trine-Trine, your father's enemy, and yours. and-Rose's father and mine! So, now, perhaps you know!" A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over-shoulder into the for-est, and signed to the Indian.

> "In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre." She stepped back. Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet in from the clearing he dropped the helpless man supine upon a bed of dry logs and branches. Then, with a single movement, he

disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

Many Waters.

Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebon darkness called to mind a thunder-

The heat was nearly intolerable the voice of the fire was very loud. A heavy, broken crashing near by made Alan turn his head, and he saw a brown bear break cover and plunge on into the farther thickets-forerunner of a mad rout of terrified forest folk deer, porcupines, a fox or two, a wildcat, rabbits, squirrels, partridges -a dozen more. . . .

Two minutes had passed of the ten Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip-the automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pyre before departing. At Alan's feet the twigs were blazing merrily. It would have been easy enough

acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs to strain his feet as far as their bonds permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his hunting boots, he suffered that torture until a tongue of flame licked up, wrapped itself round the thick hempen cord and ate

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, lifted to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands-Alan's hunting knife was still in its sheath belted to the small of his back. Tearing at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the the day, devoted to relentless progsheath knife stuck at the belt-loop ress southward; thirty minutes of over his left hip. Withdrawing and steady jogging, five minutes for restconveying the blade to his mouth, he



Cords Against the Razor Sawed the Sharp Blade.

gripped it firmly between his teeth; and sawed the cords round his wrists against the razor-sharp blade.

Before Alan could turn and run he saw a vanguard of flames bridge 50 yards at a bound and start a dead pine blazing like a torch.

And then he was pelting like a madman across the smoked-filled clearing and in less than two minutes broke from the forest to the pebbly shore of a wide-bosomed lake, and within a few hundred feet of a substantial dam, through whose spillway a heavy volume of water cascaded with a roam rivaling that of the forest-fire itself. Two quick glances showed Alan two things: that his only way of escape was via the dam; that there was a solitary canoe at mid-lake, bearing swiftly to the farther shore Judith

Premier Carrier of the South.

are published as information and are

No. Leaving Easley Time 42 From Seneca to Charlotte 8.38 a m Atlanta to Charlotte 1.33 p m Atlanta to Charlotte 6,25 p m Charlotte to Atlanta 12.01 p m Charlotte to Atlanta 4.00 pm Charlotte to Atlanta 9.55 pm Washington to Bham 7.37 am

e said:
"Your medicine has worked wonders. of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy 11 o'clock in the forenoon, or as soon thereafter as said application can be I feel so muse better. I am thankful to you, indeed, for you advertising your been taking with surprising results. The ment of the estate of Harriet B. Mur-

Columbia, S. C.

The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool:

Eight days out of London, a second-

class passenger newly landed from

one of the C.-P. steamships, he walked

the streets of Quebec-and dropped

out of sight between dark and dawn,

to turn up presently in the distant

Canadian hamlet of Baie St. Paul, ap-

parently a very tenderfooted American

then crossed the Maine border.

their midday meal in a silence which,

Only the south offered a fair pros-

southward far faster than man might

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh

Anxiously he consulted the impas-

sive mask of the Indian, from whom

his questions gained Alan little com-

might be found to aid their flight:

again paused for food and rest. And

as Jacob sat deftly about preparing

the meal, Alan stumbled off to whip

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream.

the back-lash of a careless cast by his

weary hand hooked the state of Maine.

Too tired even to remember the ap-

propriate words, Alan scrambled

ashore, forced through the thick un-

dergrowth that masked the trail,

found his fly, set the state of Maine

free-and swinging on his heel

brought up, nose to a sapling, trans-

fixed by a rectangle of white paste-

board fixed to its trunk, a trey of

hearts, of which each pip had been neatly punctured by a 22-caliber bul-

So Alan waited for him to speak-

and meantime determined to watch

Jacob more narrowly, though no other

suspicious circumstance had marked

the several days of their association.

The first half of the night was, as

No more question as to the need for

such urgent haste; overhead the north

wind muttered without ceasing. Thin

veils of smoke drifted through the for-

est, hugging the ground, like some

weird acrid mist; and ever the cur-

tained heavens glared, livid with re-

By midnight Alan had come to the

bounds of endurance; flesh, bone and

Though Jacob declared that Spirit

lake was now only six hours distant,

as far as concerned Alan he might

have said 600. His blanket once ung

rolled, Alan dropped upon it like one

the trail.

and repeat.

flected fires.

drugged.

the little trail-side stream for trout.

and withdrew into sullen reserve.

columns of dun-colored smoke spring

deep misgivings on Alan's part.

drought.

stubborn land.

up in the northwest

his own selection.

ing the paddle. Trine's death sign for your father. For od's sake, look to yourself and keep

In the act of turning to dam he saw Jacob drop th The next instant a bullet fro. But Alan had more than once visited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of

chester 30 kicked up a spurt bles; only a few feet in adv Alan. He quickened his pace, by bullet fell closer, while the tually bit the earth beneath ning feet as he gained the dan Exasperated, he pulled up, w out his pistol and fired withou

At the same time, he noted that

distance between dam and canoe

Trine and the Indian-the latt



Tremendous Weight Tore at His

essened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddle snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again, his bullet droning past Alan's As he fired in response Jacob start-

ed, dropped his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe. Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of than

He carried it back to camp, mean-He turned again and ran swiftly ing to consult the guide, but on secalong the dam, toward two heavy timond thought, held his tongue. It was bers that bridged the torrent of the not likely that the Indian had overspillway. looked an object so conspicuous on Then a glance aside brought him up

with a thrill of horror; the suck of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred vards of the spillway. The dead Indian in its bow, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruc-

unpremeditated. He was conscious only of her white, staring face, her strange likeness to the woman that he

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed sinew could no longer stand the strain. of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like clamps: a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift, to drag the woman up out of the foaming jaws of death.

prone, lengthwise upon that foot-wide

bridge, above the screaming abyss.

Later he became aware that the

woman had crawled to safety on the

farther shore, and pulling himself to-

gether, imitated her example. Solid

earth underfoot, he rose and stood

swaying, beset by a great weakness.

Through the gathering darkness-a

ghastly twilight in which the flaming

forests on the other shore burned with

an unearthly glare—he discovered the

wan, writhen face of Judith Trine

close to his and he heard her voice, a

scream barely audible above the com-

mingled voices of the conflagration

"You fool! Why did you save me?

tell you, I have sworn your death!"

The utter grotesqueness of it all

broke upon his intelligence like the

revelation of some enormous funda-

laughed a little hysterically.

mental absurdity in Nature. He

Darkness followed. A flash of light-

ning seemed to flame between them

like a flery sword. To its crashing

thunder, he lapsed into unconscious

When he roused, it was with a shive

er and a shudder. Rain was falling

in torrents from a sky the hue of

slate. Across the lake dense volume

of steam enveloped the fires the

fainted beneath the deluge. A gre

hissing noise filled the world,

even the roar of the spillway.

by the downpour, he found-a

But in his hand, tattered and

(Continued Next Wee

and the cascades:

The sun was high when he awakened and sat up, rubbing heavy eyes, Somehow that impossible feat was stretching aching limbs, wondering achieved; somehow the woman gained what had come over the Indian to let a hold upon his body, shifted it to his belt, contrived inexplicably to clamber him sleep so late. Of a sudden he was assailed by sickover him to the timbers; and someening fears that needed only the briefhow he in turn pulled himself up to est investigation to confirm. , Jacob safety, and sick with reaction sprawled

had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment. Nor was his motive far to seek. Overnight the fire had made tremendous gains. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar of the holocaust, dulled by distance but not unlike the growling of wild

animals feeding on their kill. Alan delayed long enough only to swallow a few mouthfuls of raw food, gulped water from a spring, and set out at a dog-trot on the trail to Spirit

For hours he blundered blindly on holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, halfblinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, so bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped or thrown; for even as he stumbled a heavy body landed on his back and

crushed him savagely to earth. In less than a minute he was overcome; his wrists hitched together, his ankles bound with heavy cord. When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him

with a face as immobile as though it had been cast in the bronze it resem-Beyond, to one side, a woman in a man's hunting costume stood eyeing the captive as narrowly as the In-

dian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce exultancy over his downfall. But for that look, he could have be-

the undersigned. J. E. Boggs,

lieved hers the face that had brought

DR. R. A. ALI

He was alone.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors All persons holding claims against the estate of the late Julius E. Boggs must present the same, duly proven, on or before the 15th day of November, 1914, or be debarred payment; and all persons indebted to said estate must make

PHYSICIAN AND S

Office over Keowee Pharmacv dence, Attaway House. payment on or before the above date to Office Phone 24 -:- Residence Phone

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PICKENS, S. C. Capital & Surplus \$60,000

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